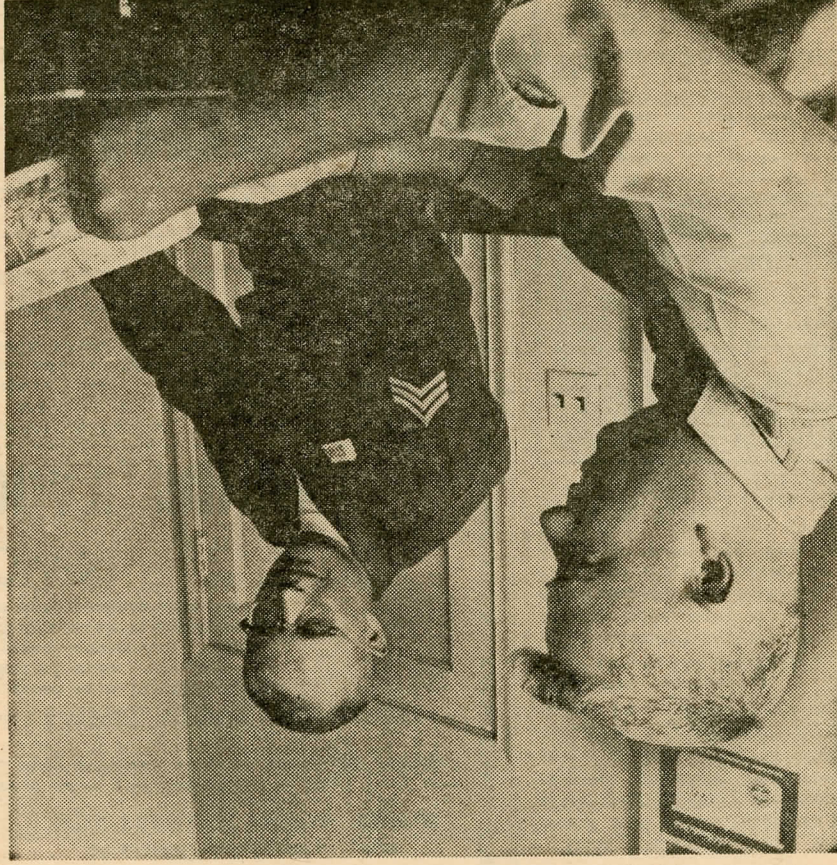


"You're going to be a tough man to replace," motor supply co-owner Mack Davis tells departing guardsman Sgt. T. L. Provost.



Range conservationist Gordon R. Staker, right, bids boss Keith Beardell goodbye. The office will operate with vacancy until Sgt. Staker's return to Heber.

Salt Lake City, October 22, 1961

well.

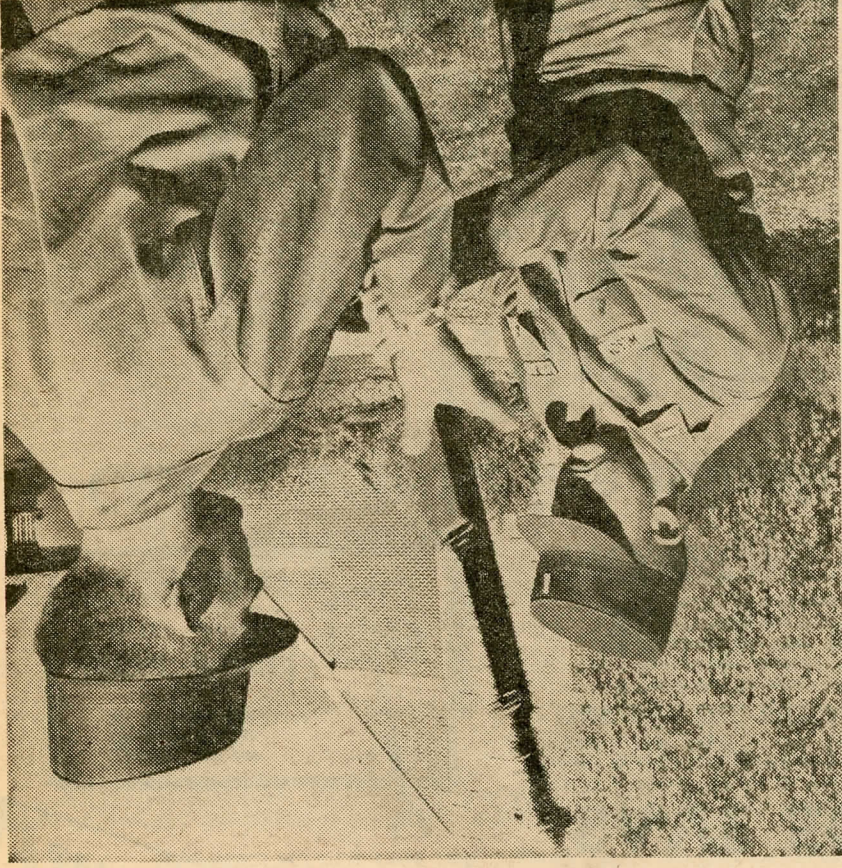
WHEN HE GOT word of the others cleaned up the Midway town hall, their training quarters for eight years.

No one really wanted to go to Ft. Lewis. Not when he was just getting started on a job. Not when he'd got a wife and kids.

On the previous night, the

BUT AT LEAST, they were friends, said Sgt. Staker, and

men had obediently trained and retrained, had had the same classes over and over. With crisis in the wind, drill attendance pushed to 100 per cent. The uniforms were neater. The men snapped to orders. Now, they knew what they had to do. And so they left, and everyone hoped and prayed the first platoon of Company B would be back a year later.



"Let's see that weapon, soldier," Lt. Wilson inspects his platoon prior to departure for Ft. Lewis, Wash. Most of his men are from Heber, Midway areas.